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# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

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## Joy.

SWEET Joy, thou cheering music of the soul !  
With strength to save and power to console.  
Thou fleeting image of eternal bliss,  
That leadst from melancholy's dark abyss !  
Thou fragrant balm! thou bubbling brook through life!  
With glowing hopes thy ripples ever rife.  
Thy gentle current sorrows never rile,  
With thee to live is one continued smile.  
O, may I ever be by thee caressed,  
And in the future land by thee be blessed ;

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.





### Resourcefulness.

THE old Yankee who, in default of a better expedient, tied his dog to the end of a long pole, and used it as a mop with which to wash the windows of his cabin, only humorously expressed on a small scale, what the mass of his country-men eminently possess,—a high degree of resourcefulness.

This is one of the most brilliant of American characteristics, a characteristic at once multifarious, glorious, and at the same time vainglorious in its activity. It is a force, which whelms in its stream all slower and feebler natures with which it comes in contact and rushes onward, surmounting all obstacles.

Resourcefulness at once suggests practicability. Distinction is made, but without much reason, between a practical and a resourceful man. A practical man, it is stated, is an adept at utilizing whatever may be effected by human means, towards the attainment of his object. The resourceful man, however, invents and devises these same practical means. The distinction is but slight, and one would seem to imply the other.

The American is famous the world over for his inventiveness. That in the field of inventions he is far superior to any other nation, is a great source of pride to him. He knows that mere industry and economy are not enough. Intelligence and original thought, must accompany and guide his every action. Whatever his calling, adapt-

ability and promptness of decision direct the powers of his mind, and fit him for every exigency.

From the Puritan Englishman, that narrow, austere, ironwilled Saxon, has sprung our "flexible, assimilative, compromising, all accomplished Yankee," who is neither Englishman nor Irishman, neither Frenchman nor German, but seems to have a touch of them all, and is ever ready to receive and absorb the best qualities of each. A remarkable Protean personage, he can accommodate himself to any circumstances, to all forms of society, government and religion. "He is the staid, sensible farmer of New England with his restlessness subdued into tireless industry and persistent application." But he is also the "Sam Slick in the Provinces, Nimrod Wildfire in Kentucky and Jefferson Brick on the frontier." As an able critic has it: "Through all disguises, and in every clime visited by sin and trade, peeps the shrewd twinkle of his knowing eyes and the multi-form movements of his cunning fingers. Let him drop down in Siberia or Japan, in England or Italy, on a Southern plantation or Western settlement, and he seems to say, 'Gentlemen, behold the smartest man in all creation; one who will put your brain into his own head, get at your secrets, and beat you in the art of being yourselves; so please fall into rank, deliver up your purses and acknowledge your born lord and king.'"

In the early days of pioneering, when the "forest primeval" still covered hundreds and thousands of acres, the ax and spade of the settler, aided solely by his resourcefulness, were the only

means by which he could obtain a scant subsistence. But obstacles and dangers served only to intensify his energy and powers of resourcefulness, until it has become as a second nature to him, and is involuntarily called into play in all his actions. At present, when populous cities cover the land, this trait is not lost, but it has developed and shows itself in every calling, where bold, keen, subtle-witted men, fertile in expedients and devices, are perpetually inventing new ways of buying and selling; and men who stick doggedly to the old-fashioned methods,—who move along in the old rut,—will soon find themselves outstripped in the race of life.

All successful men have been resourceful. Resourcefulness is a necessary factor to success. No one can bungle his way to success. It is true energy and industry may accomplish much, but such an impractical man, if not exalted to the top of the ladder by a mighty finger's lift from Hercules, will always stay at the bottom and accomplish nothing.

Men, we repeat, are by nature resourceful, but often only in a particular trade or profession. History furnishes us with amusing anecdotes of the silly impracticabilities of its otherwise great men. Giants they were, in their own particular sphere, but pigmies and helpless beings, when called to a different field of action. They are like the toad imbedded in the rock, where he had made a niche exactly fitting his own shape, who, on being suddenly ejected, presents a wretched picture of helplessness.



Francis Lord Bacon, who has been styled one of the wisest of human beings, is thus criticized for his lack of practical talent. "He stood on the high vantage-ground of genius and learning; had an amazing insight into human nature, yet even this mighty genius, in whom reason worked as an instinct, and though he was the most sagacious of men in his study, nevertheless, when he stepped out into the noisy arena of life, stooped to actions whose impropriety he could have strikingly shown in a moral essay." So with Cowper, Beethoven and Goldsmith. The infamous Machiavelli, consummate master of all arts and strategems of politics, could not invent one to procure his daily bread. William the Silent of England, that powerful diplomat, who by his prudence and affability, held together the mighty coalition of Europe against the Most Christian King, could not greet a minister in his own cabinet without offending him. Perusing, however, the pages of our American history, the records from the landing of the colonists of New England, Virginia and Maryland, to our own time we find that our great men—and we certainly had and still have great men—have distinguished themselves in more than one department. The Father of our country was a man eminently resourceful, who served his country as ably in the presidential chair as at the head of his army. Lincoln declared and at the same time defended his Emancipation of millions of slaves with as much ease as splitting rails on his father's farm. No one will doubt that the intrepid frontiersman and daring hero of San Juan makes an able chief

executive. Thus examples might be multiplied without number.

The various ways in which Americans, destitute of sufficient means, display their resourcefulness in acquiring an education, would itself be matter of sufficient interest for a separate theme. Evening schools, popular lectures, public libraries, pamphlets, mail correspondence and the like, are means through which many acquire their knowledge. This craving after knowledge is very laudable and ennobling, for as long as the desire for what is elevating, for that which makes him cognizant of his important mission in this world, has a place in a man's mind, so long will he prosper and advance.

FELIX DIDIER, '04.



### Success.

There is no task so great or small,  
That labor's love will e'er despise,  
For he who seeks success at all,  
Must ever aim to win and rise.

J. S., '05.

## Reminiscences of a Soldier.

IT was a quiet Sunday afternoon. Not having any particular occupation, I strolled out to the Soldiers' home to have a chat with the "old boys", my companions in the Spanish-American war. Not finding them in their accustomed haunts on the grounds, I rambled toward the different centers of amusement, expecting to meet with one or the other. My search was unsuccessful, and I retraced my steps toward the entrance of the Home, stopping here and there to look at the flowers and other objects of interest.

Passing near a group of trees, I noticed a family of gray squirrels frolicing in the autumnal foliage. I was deeply absorbed in their gambols, when a mellow voice came over my shoulders: "They are spry critters, aren't they?" And immediately the owner of the voice stood beside me. He wore the customary blue uniform of the veteran, with several medals and badges, the marks of his bravery suspended from the lapel of his coat. His figure was small and slightly bent. From under his large campaign-hat shone forth a pair of deep blue eyes. His face, slightly wrinkled, but ruddy of complexion, was lit up by a genial smile. In his hand he carried a cane, of which he seemed to have little need. Looking up to me he paused for a reply.

"Yes, they seem to be enjoying it," I said.

Noticing that the old man was anxious to continue the conversation, I cast about for some topic



that would interest him. Presently something occurred to me.

“Are you, perhaps, acquainted with a certain veteran named Denison?”

There was a twinkle in the old man's eye, as he said: “Waal now, I did know him slightly for about seventy-eight years. Of course,” he added, “I did know a lady as knowed him afore I did.” “And who was she, if you please?”

“My mother, sir”, he answered with an expressive chuckle.

“Then, you are Mr. Denison?”

“You've hit the right mark, young feller.”

“Mr. Denison, permit me to introduce myself. My name is Parker, and my father was a member of your regiment.”

The old soldier's countenance beamed joyfully as he led the way to a near by rustic seat, at the same time exclaiming: “What, Bill Parker! you surely ain't old Bill's boy, are you? Old Bill that hid behind the ramrod? Is he still alivin'? I thot him dead this long time. Why boy, if old Bill is your father, I know'd him since he was a boy, the size of a—a—apple.

I was glad to have found such a companion, the very comrade of my father, from whose lips I had often heard the tales of adventure and hair-breadth escapes, which they had had together during the war. I dropped into the seat beside the old man, ready to listen to the same old stories again, purposely professing ignorance of them in order to make him more communicative.

The old gentleman charged his pipe, and after

a few preliminary puffs, began: "Waal, now, you see, me and your father were members of the 19th A. Pennsylvania, and our company was ordered down to the Potomac under 'Little Mac'. We had not been there long afore we were hustled towards Old P'int Comfort, and there's where the first doin's was. Your Pop was in bad luck from the start. We waren't down there three weeks when an old Hollander, who joined our company, forgot that his gun was loaded, and pulled the trigger. Your Pop got the amunition in his leg, and the consequence was, that Dr. Jamison 'lowed it would be good fer him to spend a few weeks in the hospital. Bill 'lowed the other way, but Doc finally got atop, and your Pop was stored away for the next couple o' weeks. Waal he didn't miss much, accause there wasn't much adoin' anyway them days, as the noise was all scattered about in the West.

But that wasn't what I was goin' to tell you. Your Pop was sent out a foragin' a long time after that, and got caught by some o' Morgan's men, and he was yanked off first to Libby and then to Andersonville. Me and some more were transferred to the Army of the Cumberland. Waal, poor Bill, he was in a hard fix. He didn't get enough to eat, and as fer somethin' ter drink, why Andersonville was about as bad as the Home on Sunday. You know, me and your father was ole chums, and I knowed he never could get along without something or other, so I got some o' the byes together. Me an' Ole Driscoll, and Billy Quirk went down there on a furlough. We had a lot of adventures

agoin' down, but I'll tell you about them later on.

Waal, we got a contraband to try and get a message in to Ole Bill. Waal, he made out all right, and we made out that we would cut through the palisades.

We reconnoitered, and we thought our scheme was up the stump, for there stood a sentry, standin' on a little platform overlookin' the whole side of the palisades. Your Pop slept right near 'em, but would you believe it, sir, we never got close to him for three days. I'll tell you how we did it, then. The sentries always had a curious notion for New York buttons, and they'd give most anything for them, so we got the nigger to shine some ole buttons and pass them off for New Yorkers. Now, we seen an ole barrel alongside the hill about ten yards from the palisades; the ole staver was one of them big, long kind that they used in them days to ship rosin in. Every time the wind blew purty hard, the ole thing 'd bounce up against a tree. That was jes what we was lookin' for, so one dark night, (the same night the nigger sold the buttons) I got into the barrel, and Driscoll gave it a shove, and it rolled right up agin' the palisades. I was pretty scar'd for fear them as had heard the bump would make a noise and give us away. Waal, I was mighty careful and only darst saw when the wind blew, and that way it took nigh till mornin' to saw a hole big enough fer a man to crawl through. I put clay into the crack left by the saw, and left it lookin' all right on the outside, and trusted to luck as to the looks on the other side. Next night the fellers didn't



know what to do fer more buttons. At last Billy Quirk thought of a plan, so we got the nigger to go to the sentry agin, and he says: 'Hey, da, massa, is dese yer buttons any count?' The sentry says: 'What buttons?' 'Dese yer kind.' 'What kind?' And the nigger says 'de same kind agin' so the sentry comes down off'n his perch to find out what kind they are, and after a while the ole nigger says, 'Pennsylvania buttons.' The sentry gets mad and says: 'No, nobody don't want them leather-head buttons'; but by this time we had your Pop out, and honest, sir, since the Lord made me, I never seen nobody look more like a skeleton. We made our way through the woods, thinkin' everything was all right, when all of a sudden your Pop says, 'I hear somethin'. We all put our hands to our ears, and I just about froze to the spot; it was the blood-hounds. 'Run' says I, 'run for your life.' An' run we did. After a while poor Bill says: 'Boys go ahead and leave me, I can't run no more.' But of course we couldn't do that, so we took him up between us, and started off as fast as we could. We all had a tough time of it, I can tell you, for every time we passed under a low bush or tree, your poor Pop got his face and hands scratched so bad that they was both raw in no time. All the time poor Bill was asayin 'Drop me, boys, and save your own lives.' At last Driscoll stumbled and fell, and down we went on top of him, and it broke his arm. Your Pop 'lowed he would try it again on foot, so we fixed Driscoll up as good as we could, and kept on a runnin' till we came to a little stream. We jumped in, and waded down as

fast as we could, and then landed, and that was the way we got away from the blood-hounds.

After we struck our lines agin, we heard that Lee was on toward Philadelphia, and was intendin' to take New York. This was pretty bad news, so we were glad when we were ordered to go north. When we got up around the Alleganies, we heard the cannon a boomin' at Gettysburg, and I says: 'Bill, I wonder what the reports is agoin' to be after the battle?' Bill says—but first young feller, do you know what a ramrod is?"

"I believe," said I "a rod about an inch thick, with a swab attached to the end of it."

"Waal that's pretty near right. Anyhow Bill, says: 'Sam, they's a goin' to be two reports about me.' I says, 'What's they goin' to be, Bill?' Bill says: 'First report: Bill Parker amissin'. 'Second report: Bill Parker found a hidin' behind a ramrod.' 'Cause your Pop knowed' he would make a pretty thin ramrod himself."

Just then the bugle sounded. "Waal, young feller, there's mess call, and I'll have to leave you. Give my best regards to your Pop, and you and him come and see me."

The little old gentleman hobbled down the path and dissapeared amongst the trees as silently and unceremoniously as he had come.

EDWARD PRYOR, '06.

### At Morn.

THE cheering call of Nature's morn  
Is heard o'er hill and dale;  
The mellow sounds of shepherd's flute  
Are wafted o'er the vale.

From out its heart the cheerful lark  
Sends forth its joyous note;  
The gentle doves in accents low  
Are cooing in the cote.

The blithesome quail from his low nest  
Arises and departs,  
And calling with the shepherd's flute,  
Stirs music in our hearts.

Once more the sun's bright smiling face  
The gloom of night dispels,  
And rests upon the fields and woods,  
Bedecked with dewy bells.

The grassy plains look fresh and green,  
The breezes murmur low;  
The waters of the rippling brook  
Will ever onward flow.

Thy brow, O child, is circled now  
With morning's roseate hue;  
Before thee lies the stream of life  
And plains in endless view.

Be spotless, then, as morning's light,  
As tender as his rays;  
Then wilt thou not with pride and care  
Be troubled in thy days.

MATTHEW J. HELMIG, '06.



### Geoffrey Chaucer.

**D**ESPITE the fact that Chaucer is little read, he exerts great influence and occupies a commanding position in the literature of the world. Some critics hold him second to Shakespeare only, while others class him fourth only to Shakespeare, Dante, and Homer in the world. His works raise him far above the average poet of the English language. He treats every subject with like success. His genius was of that kind which "touches every part of human life and stirs it by a single utterance."

"Out of a sympathy so large, good humor flows unforced, and pathos shines upon us with a rare tranquillity."

His delineation of character displays the true insight of a poet. Living in an age of "elaborate courtesy, of high-paced gallantry, of courageous venture, and of noble disdain for mean tranquillity," he did not fail to note all that transpired about him. His verse is flowing and harmonious, never wanting in rhythm; his diction clear, correct, and impressive. No one, except Shakespeare, has given us such a complete view of the different personages in this world, as Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*. His divers works are a store-house of knowledge and invention, to which our best poets have resorted with profit."

The measure is flowing and effective, ever in agreement with the subject which he wishes to treat. With slight changes Spencer adopted it in his immortal "Fairie Queen," which alone is a manifestation of its real value.

His writings are manifold. While yet a boy, he wrote "The Court of Love," wherein he displayed unusual abilities. Then followed many others, the best among them being, "Assembly of Fowls," the "Cuckoo and the Nightingale," the "Flower and the Leaf," the "House of Fame," and the best of the "Canterbury Tales."

The rime that flows throughout these works is exceedingly pleasant to one who has familiarized himself with the Old English pronunciation, a knowledge which can be acquired with immense profit to the reader, by following the simple explanation given by Shaw and other authors.

Before Chaucer, two languages were spoken in England, the French at Court and among the higher class, the Anglo-Saxon by the common people. But when he put pen to paper one language came forth. He molded the language, adopted many French words, and consolidating these with the Anglo-Saxon, he formed them into one great whole, which we have to this day. Being a man of the court, born and raised amongst the nobles, he throws the French into more prominence. Had Chaucer been of the common people, there is no doubt, he would have contributed to strengthen the Anglo-Saxon element in our language.

Like the immortal Shakespeare, his life is somewhat shrouded in mystery, which, however only lends much more interest to his works. He is the first great figure, indistinct but commanding, that appears at the dawn of Modern English literature. The real social position of Chaucer has been disputed, "but," says Shaw, "whatever his social position may have been, his spirit was tolerant and generous; he took broad views of life, and having the soul of a poet, he loved nature and humanity." He was a man upon whom his contemporaries looked with reverence, the nobility of his character and his knowledge of mankind placing him far in advance of his times. He was undoubtedly the greatest poet of the age.

Time never effaces the impressions of a strong personality, though their works are crumbled and forgotten. The works of Alexander live in our minds only as dim history, but the greatness of that general will ever be remembered. To quote the words of an able critic, when speaking of Chaucer's character: "Men admired him, men imitated him; they strove to reproduce in their own work the manner and spirit of the master they loved."

On his death-bed Chaucer had only one regret, "he had given his thoughts to the world without an ever-present proper sense of moral responsibility. "Woe is me! woe is me!" he exclaimed in that solemn hour, "that I cannot recall those things which I have written; but, alas! they are now continued from man to man, and I cannot do what I desire."



He died on the 25th of October, 1400, leaving behind a name well worthy to be transmitted to posterity. He was buried at Westminster Abbey, and the following epitaph was placed upon a pillar near his grave,

"Galfridus Chaucer, vates, et fama poesis  
Maternae, hac sacra sum tumulatus humo."

D. LAWRENCE MONAHAN, '06.



### The Lament.

'TIS midnight's sacred hour,—and peace  
Clasps all in soft embrace:  
She locks her arms the world around,  
With tender, subtle grace.

The moon in gentle majesty  
Now rules the throbbing sphere;  
Anon a lonely cloud floats by,  
And drops to earth a tear.

But hark! upon the rugged shore,  
In deepest shrillest notes,  
There breaks a hallow, ling'ring strain,  
Which saddens as it floats.

It sings of heroes, warriors old;  
It sings of days gone by;  
It sings of those whose mem'ry draws  
From out the breast a sigh.

But list! upon the midnight gale  
Is borne a doleful strain,  
Which wakes the spirit of the deep  
To walk the wat'ry plain.

“The day was fair, the sun was bright,  
The ocean calm and clear;  
The ship so stately plowed the deep,  
Her sailors knew no fear.

The plains, the hills, the mountains melt  
In dim uncertain shade;  
The shore now sinks, —into the sea  
Its form is gently laid.

Seest thou yon black and lonely cloud,  
The harbinger of storm?  
Seest thou her dark and frowning brow,  
Her dread and ominous form?

A cloudlet, vap'ry bright, she sends  
Upon the air to float,  
To bid her mighty armies march  
At sound of trumpet note.

They start, they move, they grow apace,  
And roll tumultuous 'long;  
Lo! mountains over mountains rise,  
Tremendous swells the throng.

The winds like hellish fiends break forth  
From out their ocean caves;  
They whiz along with lightning wings,  
And sport along the waves.

With hissing sound they skim along  
And rouse the fettered main;  
It wakes, it moves, it heaves, it tugs  
It bursts its grating chain.

An hour passed on, — loud groans the sphere,  
And wild the ocean waves.  
God pity now the gallant ship  
That rides the angry waves.

The sun his scorching eye has veiled  
Behind that hideous world,  
And Jove, high-mounted on the clouds,  
On earth his thunders hurled.

Behold that blinding lightning glare,  
Which tears the skies atwain—  
That bolt which strikes the yawning deep,  
And rends the breasted main.

Wild winds and waves the vessel toss  
Upon the dreaded rock,  
And well her keel through triple steel  
Doth feel that shiv'ring shock.

And then a pause—a ling'ring hope—  
Alas! they vainly pray;  
This is the place, the clime of Death;  
This is the reck'ning day.

The waves pour o'er the fated ship,  
They lash her groaning side,  
And through the rent the rock has made  
Streams in the rushing tide.

The shrieks of men, despairing groans,  
Ascend above the roar;  
The ship rolls o'er with sudden lurch  
And they are heard no more."

And this, upon the sacred hour  
Of midnight dark and dread,  
In accents sad and wailings low,  
Is what the spirit said.

His voice is borne upon the waves  
That beat against the shore;  
Its echoes tell the mournful tale  
Of those that are no more.

MICHAEL BODINE, '05.



### A Lost Invention.

“**H**A! ha! Wants me to come, does he?” chuckled Corsairs to himself as he strode up and down the apartment, pushing chairs and tables to right and left, in evident excitement. “Ha! ha! I suppose, I’ll be his agent!” He walked up to a table on which lay an open telegram and read aloud: “Come immediately and explore. Magnificent success! J. C.”

His friend had always been noted for his inventive turn of mind, and while yet a child, was exceedingly fond of fabricating toy machines out of bits of wood and iron, and once surprised and at the same time extremely amused, his friends by declaring that he had discovered a new form of perpetual motion.

He had been at work upon this new invention for over a year. No one, however, was admitted into his confidence except his son, and the enterprise was therefore unknown even to his friends.

Corsairs had always entertained the hope that his friend’s enterprising genius would eventually bring him a fortune, but it struck him as so utterly ludicrous, that he only expressed his secret satisfaction at his friend’s supposed success in a loud guffaw.

He took the first train for Chester and arrived at his friend’s home late in the afternoon. He found the inventor in his den bubbling over with excitement and feverish impatience. “So

you have come at last?" he said, with a vicious jerk of the hand and a triumphant look in his dark eyes. Corsairs noted the changed manner of his friend with some surprise. Mr. James had always been of a quiet and grave disposition, but he was evidently wrought up now by the strain of the work, or the excitement following its completion.

"I suppose you want to inspect my new invention at once?" he asked. "Yes, I am very anxious to see it," was the reply. Corsairs was led to the rear of the residence, which opened into a sort of thicket, in the midst of which stood, or rather tumbled, an old dilapidated mansion of the colonial times. The two men got down on their knees and crawled through a breach in the wall, caused, it would seem, by the washing out of the ground underneath. Having blindly groped their way through what seemed to Corsairs an infinite number of holes and circuitous passages, they came suddenly to a halt before a huge, upright, iron cylinder with sides of iron so ingeniously shaped as to closely resemble the scales of a fish. A small iron door formed by one of the scales, and over it a wicket, were the only objects that marred the cylinder's perfect symmetry.

Corsairs' curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. He was told that the wonderful machinery which operated it could never be equalled by mortal man. His friend produced a long round key of very curious workmanship and trust it into the door, which sprang noiselessly back. Upon his invitation Corsairs stepped in to inspect the interior. He was no sooner fairly in, when the

door slipped quietly shut, and a triumphant shout from without announced to his unsuspecting ears that he was shut up in the monster. Still his suspicions were not aroused. He proceeded to inspect this singular room. Walls, floor and ceiling—all of iron. An iron table stood in the center with a chair beside it. The ceiling, as he observed by the indistinct light was curiously divided into seven circular rings or plates, one above the other. Corsairs counted them, he did not know why, but it seemed that those bright plates had something in common with his fate. Believing all to be nothing but a joke of his friend he now called loudly to be released, even adding jocularly that the combination was truly wonderful, but the walls only echoed back his voice in hollow tones that seemed to mock the idea of deliverance. Corsairs began searching for the door, but what was his amazement at finding its supposed place as smooth and solid as the rest of the cold iron band encircling him. His curiosity gave way to fear and misgivings. Was he to become the victim of his friend's experiment? Even as he asked himself this question he heard a grating, rasping sound, but whence it proceeded, he could not conjecture. He peered about him with defiant scrutiny. All at once he riveted his gaze upon the ceiling. The plates were revolving. Ha! were his senses deceiving him? Only six plates? Again he counted them. But six. He got upon the table for a closer examination, but it immediately collapsed under his weight and fell with him to the floor. The scrutiny was brief but sufficient. With horrible dis-



tinctness the truth of this hellish plot flashed upon his mind. The swiftly revolving plates were evidently directed by a maniac, who sought to crush out his life. The thought drove him frantic. He ran wildly about, beating with bruised and bleeding hands the walls of his prison. He dared not count the plates. Lower and lower they came, diminishing in number but increasing in velocity, the outer rings descending and uniting with the smaller until they formed a sheet of iron which descended with amazing rapidity and smote him on the head. He fell prostrate to the floor clutching its cold steel and at the same time emitting a terrible cry of agony and despair. On a sudden, the machinery stopped with a jar. Corsairs was dragged out, an unconscious form. He was taken home where he finally recovered to learn of his providential rescue. His friend's son had heard the awful cry and alarmed at his father's mysterious actions flew to the spot and stopped the death-dealing machinery in the nick of time. His father was safely lodged in the asylum and the invention destroyed, of which Corsairs made a note, to which he added some reflections for his future guidance.

F. F. DIDIER, '04.

## An Outing.

HANNON, MINN., MARCH 17th, 1903.

Dear Friend :—

**W**E are now in Minnesota. Since my last correspondence we spent a very enjoyable day along the banks of the Janifa river. We arrived there on the 12th, and pitched our camp at a point called North Bend, on the edge of a wood.

We slept soundly that night, wrapped in our deer-skins. When I awoke in the morning, a chilling breeze swept over the land. Thin crusts of frost covered the ground. Along the hillsides and in the pine groves, layers of snow were still visible. After a short breakfast we shouldered our Winchesters, and began our march down the river.

The Janifa is ordinarily a small river; but owing to the additional amount of water which it receives in spring, it is now nearly a quarter of a mile in width. About two miles from our camp, at the mouth of Almond Creek, is a small island, where wild fowl abound during the present season.

We were a company of seven. Dan Bailey was with us, and Charles Gleason from Winona. Our guide was a lad of nineteen, a genial fellow, who knows how to handle a gun and set a trap. He has accompanied many of these expeditions before, and can entertain a crowd for hours with his stories.

It was six o'clock when we began our march. After moving along in Indian fashion for a mile and a half, we halted before a rocky elevation that extended to the bank of the river, obstructing our path. We heard a rippling noise. Walking about a hundred feet, we beheld a gushing spring dash over the side of the rock. The water was of such crystal clearness that we at once went up to quench our thirst.

The island was now just a quarter of a mile ahead of us, on the other side of the ridge. We obtained a good view of it upon reaching the top of the hill. From our elevated position we could see large flocks of strand snipe flying eastward and westward. When they alighted on the right bank of Almond Creek, they actually covered the ground, and when they started in the distance, they resembled big clouds of smoke blown across the country.

The vicinity of the island seemed to be a favorite place for birds of the variety that are usually found near streams. We had already seen various specimens of wading birds in the rushes and on the borders of creeks. Here we expected to find them in flocks. We were creeping along in our stealthy way, scanning every nook and crook near the border of the island, when the order for silence was given. In the distance to the left, a large flock of mallards were gradually winding their way toward the island. We were in hopes of bringing down a good number. But as the birds drew near, they seemed to notice us, for as they slowly descended, they changed their



course so as to be almost out of range. Still we ventured a shot. To our great satisfaction two of the birds were brought to the ground.

We continued our march for another mile. It was already late in the afternoon, and we were about to return to our camp, when lo, a hundred yards to our left, an eagle rose from its nest in a lofty oak. "We'll get him yet," said our guide. We were ordered to make a fort of branches and rushes. An opening was left in the pile, into which we crept. Our guns pointing through the brushes were aimed at the nest. We were lying in a rather uncomfortable position, which greatly tried our patience. The twigs would annoy us when we tried to catch a glimpse of the eagle. However, we did not have to wait long. After a little more than a quarter of an hour, a large shadow passed overhead. The eagle was flying toward the tree from the rear. It alighted on a branch of the oak near the nest. That was our chance. Our guide whispered: "Get ready to fire. One.... two.... three...." The report of our guns rang out almost at the same moment, and they certainly hit their mark. The eagle measured seven feet and five inches from wing to wing. We congratulated our guide upon the success of his scheme and marched back to our camp.

Yours sincerely,

F.... H....

AURELIUS J. KOENIG, '05..

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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## Editorials.

**A** long life to our Holy Father, Pope Pius X!  
May God give him heavenly wisdom to guide  
the bark of St. Peter, and unfailing strength to  
bear the burdens of his exalted office.

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The celebration of Solemn High Mass marked,  
as usual, the beginning of the scholastic year. On  
the Sunday following, Father Rector preached an  
instructive sermon on the duties and responsibili-

ties of students, choosing as his text "No one can serve two masters." He pointed out that if students wish to be successful, and have the expectations of parents and teachers realized in them, they must above all resolve to serve God, and shun the temptations which the evil spirit puts in the way of young men at college. Let us hope that his appeal to the intelligence and good common sense of his hearers will be productive of good results.

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With the issue of this present number of the "Collegian", the staff of '04 begin their year's literary labors. Labor it assuredly will be, for never in its career, barring the first issues, has the "Collegian" begun its work under such inauspicious circumstances. Only two of the old staff members have returned to the College, and added to this the lack of journalistic experience on the part of the others,—all conspires to lower somewhat the high standard of former years. Our journal calls for strenuous literary exertion on the part of its few contributors. Yet contrasting agreeably with the writers' inexperience, is their undoubted willingness and very laudable ambition to perfect themselves, and make this journal what it should be,—a worthy exponent of its college.

We trust that our friends, and especially the Alumni, will continue to take interest in it, and favor us with their kindly criticism. Graduates and former students of St. Joseph's ought to avail themselves much more than they have done heretofore of the "Collegian" to communicate with their friends at the College and elsewhere.



Much and varied has been the comment of the press upon the Pulitzer project to endow Columbia University with a school of journalism. The Rev. Gilbert Higgins, a well known English priest, believes that journalists should be the best-educated men in the world. "People take their philosophy, their theology, their history, and their economics," he says, "from the newspapers." The press is, after the Catholic Church, the greatest teaching power on earth. Every editor of a newspaper is a professor in a world-wide university."

Some think that the art of journalism can not be taught. It is contended that as the poet is born, not made, so also the editor, reporter or correspondent. This is probably true, but education can at least show the youth how and where to avoid literary blunders. It can hold out ideals which must inspire him to make nobler use of the mighty pen than mere scribbling.

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It is gratifying to the Catholic heart that the life and life-work of our late Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, meets with so much praise and appreciation from men of every walk of life and every shade of belief. If any further proof were needed that the old prejudice against the Church is waning, these magnificent tributes paid to the Pope and incidentally also to the Church, would furnish it in abundance. It is true, the life of the late Pope was of a kind to command admiration even from his bitterest enemies. He was a man of learning and piety, with a gentle heart and a noble soul. In paying tribute, however, to the personal

goodness and ability of Leo, there appeared a growing disposition on the part of non-Catholics to acknowledge that the papacy, is after all, an immense power for good, and that the old accusations against the Church can no longer be maintained. It was admitted that the Church is not now opposed to science, to liberty and progress; that she encourages the study of the Bible and protects it from the assaults of infidels, that she is the mother of the poor and the afflicted, and the mainstay and prop of Christianity.

In the words of Senator Beveridge "Leo did his greatest work in bringing the Church into closer, kinder, more friendly relations with all nations, all other churches and the world, without compromising either his claim to be viceregent of Christ on earth, or its claim to be the only exclusive Christian Church."

Since the death of the Pope, the Church is more than ever the "city placed on the mountain", and let us hope that increasing numbers will see it, and recognize in it the institution which Christ founded for the salvation of men.

## Exchanges.

**N**OT many months have passed since we laid aside our books for the more congenial tasks of vacation. The summer months flitted by like so many days, and we are again at our desks, hopeful that with hard labor and an abundance of good will, we will overcome all difficulties and advance on the road to success.

It is with pleasure that we take up the duties of exchange editor. Our college journals are mostly of a kind that it is neither waste of time to read them, nor an unpleasant task to pen a critical estimate. We frankly state, however, that we do not intend to indulge in carping criticism, supposed by some ex-men to constitute true criticism. Such fault-finding ill becomes the pages of a college journal, and is never productive of good results. When perusing our exchanges, we will seek rather to discover beauties than defects.

If the minds of many ex-men are as the thoughts expressed in their columns, they are surely fit objects for our pity. They fill their pages with long columns of unintelligible nonsense, and think that they are thereby consigning some offending brother to the realms of obscurity. For such we have no patience—neither charity, and at our very entrance into the circle of ex-men we state that our column will not be conducted along such lines. Wrangling of this kind only serves to engender animosities, the result of which is simply an exchange co.



lumn overburdened with meaningless epithets. Let fairness be our guide in all our criticisms, and we need have no fear of giving offense.

We decided not to mention any of our exchanges this month, but when the *Young Eagle* directed its flight into our sanctum, our resolution fell to naught. We cannot refrain from complimenting the editors of that paper on their artistic cover design. It is by far the neatest and most original we have seen on our table for a long time. It strikes us that the students at academies have the advantage in the selection of a cover design over their brethren at college. Our opinion has been confirmed by seeing the elegant design of the *Leaflets from Loretto* commencement number, which has just arrived.

We hope that all our friends of last year will again return to our sanctum. It seems to be a good omen that the *Stylus*, for some time past a delinquent brother, has again sought our acquaintance. We trust that other offenders in this line will follow its example, and repentant seek their accustomed haunts.

Brothers ex-men,—and sisters, too,—we gladly welcome you, and sincerely hope that our relations with you will be of the most cordial character.

ROBERT HALPIN, '05.

### To the Critics.

THE opinion is expressed from time to time, both in private and in public, that college journalism is an evil rather than a blessing. It is thought that students spend too much time in the preparation of matter for their paper; that such time were more profitably employed in preparation for the class-room. It is feared also that the distinction of having his name appear in print, tends to fill the student with an undue sense of his importance, and that most of the productions of the young writers are, after all, of a kind that do not deserve to see the light of day.

We believe that these charges are in part unfounded, and in part greatly exaggerated. Students that contribute frequently to the college paper, do not as a rule neglect their studies. If they devote more time to the composition of articles intended for publication than they would give to the writing of an essay for the class-room, their efforts are well repaid. It is certainly part of a liberal education—and a very important part at that—to acquaint the student with the resources and possibilities of the language, to awaken in him a taste for literary excellence, to give grace and facility of expression, and to correct slovenly thinking.

At the present time especially, when every man of education is supposed to write well, when nearly every one is called upon to express his views on paper, the time devoted to the acquisition of the art of writing good English is not

wasted. That it is an art which most men do not acquire without much pains, goes without saying. The answer given by good writers when questioned how one may learn to write well is invariably: "Practice much and early."

Experience teaches that the publication of a college paper stimulates literary effort among the students. An article intended for publication receives much more attention, both as to matter and form, than one written for the class-room. A real effort is made to exhaust and digest the subject under consideration and to present it in the best possible manner. After a few such efforts the student begins to write with some degree of elegance. Crudities of style and diction are less in evidence, some skill is shown in the arrangement of the matter and in the presentation of the subject. This applies to efforts in poetry as well.

Had college journalism flourished in Catholic colleges twenty-five years ago as it does to-day, we venture to say that the Catholic press would be a greater power in the land, that slanders against the Church would not go unrebuked, that opportunities to explain Catholic truth would be used to better advantage.

If our Catholic papers have improved in tone and raised their literary standard in recent years, it is in part traceable to the advent into the field of Catholic journalism of young men and women who received their first lessons in journalism at the college. It is also a well-known fact, that the great dailies of our large cities employ a great number of Catholics as assistant editors and report-



ers, who were introduced to journalism through their college paper. Considering the power of the newspapers to mold public opinion, it is certainly desirable to have well-informed and good Catholics connected with all our great dailies, and if college journalism tends to supply them, it ought to be encouraged.

In presuming to write articles that are to appear in print, the students are well aware that they are not going to increase the world's fund of knowledge. They will not endeavor to startle the world with some new idea, some new proposition for the adjustment of the differences between labor and capital; but their aim is to give the best possible expression to what they have learned. If the development and treatment of a theme is their own, it is folly to accuse them of lack of originality. They are at perfect liberty to make use of the knowledge acquired in the class-room, to consult books of reference, and even encyclopaedias. If students learn to consult books, if they become acquainted with the sources of information, they are said to have learned much.

In point of fact, students display more originality than they are generally credited with. The matter of a composition as well as the theme itself is quite frequently their own. They come to it by vigorous, independent thinking.

If in their desire to treat a subject that will be of interest to the general reader, they are led to dabble in questions that are necessarily beyond their ken—well, let us remember that they are not the only journalists who make mistakes.

One fault I have to find with college journalism as it exists to-day. It is not sufficiently comprehensive. It ought to embrace compositions in other languages besides English. The English language must of course receive the main share of attention, since it is more important and of much more use than any other, but Latin, Greek, German and French, or any other language that is taught at the college, should not be entirely neglected. While we do not aim at the same degree of literary excellence in any of these languages as in the English, we desire to obtain a good, practical knowledge of them, such as will enable us to use them with some degree of elegance and proficiency. The college journal would therefore increase its usefulness by opening its pages to all languages taught at the college. One essay, at least, from each of these languages might find a place in the journal.

Care should also be taken that all students of the higher classes are given a chance to contribute to their paper in some capacity or other.

A final remark. It is of course true that a thorough course of grammar must precede all studies in literature, and that a knowledge of the classics, mathematics and other branches commonly taught at college is necessary as a foundation for a liberal education, but if the study of these branches leaves the student no time for the cultivation of his literary powers, not even so much as is required for the composition of an occasional contribution to the college journal, it becomes a necessity to extend the course.

A. W.

## New Publications.

**A Modern Rhetoric.** By George E. Merkley. Newson & Co., Chicago.

This is an excellent work deserving particular notice. It is especially adapted for preparatory schools. The plan of the book is psychologic; the method of treatment, analytic. The pupil at once becomes acquainted with the elementary principles of composition and is easily and gradually lead on to the closer study of sentences and paragraphs, learning the use of principles before he is required to formulate them into rules. Thorough consideration is also given to poetry and figures of speech, subjects which are also often ignored by late authors. The book affords abundant exercises, practical in every respect. We do not hesitate to recommend it, and can frankly say that the teacher will never regret having introduced it into his school.

A. S., '05.

**A Modern English Grammar.** By Huber G. Buehler. Newson & Co., Chicago.

The attempt to present to the public a grammar of modern English has been successfully carried out by the author. The book is divided into two principal parts. The first treats of Sentences and their Structure and the second considers the parts of speech. In order to give the pupil some main ideas of our language, he has outlined, as an introduction, a brief sketch of its origin, the relation of Old English to Modern, the



assimilation of foreign words, and the cause of the changes which it has undergone. Attention is directed particularly to the nature of sentences and the fundamental relations of their component parts. For analysis, sentences from classic authors have been aptly selected. Too minute distinctions of the different parts of speech have been avoided; however, special exercises have been arranged on those subjects that frequently baffle students. For proper classification and nomenclature of certain locutions, those philologists have been followed who seem to influence current opinion. On the whole the book is remarkable for its lucidity of statement. We believe it will easily take rank with the very best grammars extant.

F. W., '05.

**“Lord, God of Hosts.”** A New National Hymn. By J. A. Henkel.

This composition is perhaps destined to attain popularity as a national song. The melody is a strong one,—broad, sonorous, and vigorous. The movement is slow and majestic. Unlike the Star-Spangled Banner, which is of too wide a compass for popular execution, this composition meets all the requirements of a national song, being limited in range, and simple in construction. It employs no greater interval than that of the third.

Whether the melody is of a kind to find immediate favor with the people, it is not for us to decide. If sung slowly and with power and feeling, it has undoubtedly a stirring effect, especially when rendered by a large chorus of people.

The text is a strong one, too, well in keeping

with the dignity and grandeur of the music. Altogether it is a composition of much merit.

Published by J. A. Henkel, Collegeville, Ind., and by Weekes & Co., London, Eng.

**Christian Apologetics.** By the Rev. W. Devivier, S. J. Edited by the Rt. Rev. S. G. Messmer, D. D., C. L., Bishop of Green Bay, Wis. Benziger Bros. Price \$1.75.

A book on Apologetics in which are contained thorough refutations of the doctrines of modern infidels, has been a long-felt want among the Catholics of the English speaking world. As the editor says in his preface "the book is a systematic course of short essays in the form of a plain exposition of the apologetic discussion of Catholic Christianity." The general division of the work is on the whole the same as in others of its class, but the method of treatment of the different subjects of controversy has taken a new form. Entirely disregarding the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, it bases its entire argumentation on the historical value and authenticity of the Bible, and again proving from the Bible, that miracles are a certainty, it proves Christ's mission on earth, then the divine origin of the Catholic Church. The author proves the accordance of the Scriptures with modern science, especially those of geology, astronomy, archaeology, in a manner that is entirely pleasing, both to the learned and to the unlearned. The arguments are always introduced in the form of a proposition, which is then analyzed and proven in three different ways, so as to be adapted to all sorts of minds. On every

page are found quotations from the works of the greatest of modern writers. The book is indispensable to the student of apologetics. Though the work was edited in this country more as a compendium of the Christian religion for the shelves of Catholic libraries, we think there is not a more fit work either for the Catholic home or even as a text-book in our Catholic colleges, as it refutes all possible modern errors with modern arms.

I. W., '04.

### Society Notes.

C. L. S. While we deeply regret the loss of Rev. Mark Hamburger, the former Moderator of the C. L. S., we wish him all success in his new charge as pastor. During the two years that Father Mark had charge of the C. L. S., it maintained a very high standard. He was a hard worker, no imperfection could ever be traced to a want of energy on his part. That success will attend his efforts in the future is certain. Though taken from our midst, Father Mark will ever be held in high esteem by every loyal Columbian and by all the students of St. Joseph's who had the happiness to make his acquaintance.

The vacancy caused by the departure of Father Mark has been filled by Rev. Arnold Weymann. Father Arnold is well acquainted with the duties incumbent upon him as Moderator, and under his guidance, and with the co-operation of every Columbian, the C. L. S. will certainly advance on the road to success.



The first regular meeting of the Columbian Literary Society was held Sunday, Sept. 13th. On account of vacancies in office, elections were first in order. The following were chosen for the ensuing term: President, R. Halpin; Vice-President, F. Didier; Secretary, M. Bodine; Treasurer, M. O'Connor; Critic, J. Steinbrunner; Editor, V. Meagher; Marshall, J. Sullivan; Ex. Com., M. Ehleringer, A. Koenig, and L. Monahan. After the regular election, the Rev. Moderator appointed B. Wellman, Librarian, E. Pryor, Sergeant-at-arms, F. Wachendorfer, Ass't.-Sergeant-at-arms, and Messrs. I. Wagner, M. Shea, M. Bodine, C. Grube, C. Frericks to constitute the Investigation Committee. The Columbians will appear in public on Columbus Day. Our friends are kindly invited.

A. L. S. The Aloysians met for the first time on Sept. 27th, and chose the following staff of officers: President, J. Costello; Vice-President, L. Bergman; Sec., N. Allgeier; Treas., J. Weber; Marshall, M. Lang; Editor, J. Miller; Ex. Com., E. Howe, R. Beck, and G. Ruppert. After election the following applicants were admitted: H. Friess, L. Nageleisen, J. Boland, D. Senefeld, L. E. Mauntel, M. Bryan, J. Bath, S. Scohy, L. Keib, E. Hasser, E. Neumeier, B. Gallagher, G. O'Leyer, H. Miller. P. Gase, and L. Sulzer. P. Caesar was elected Librarian. Rev. Nicholas Greiwe will continue to act as Moderator of the Society.

M. S. Our Reverend Prefect, Father Bartholomew will henceforth have charge of the Marian Sodality and the Sacred Heart League. In the

first meeting of the Marian Sodality, held Sept. 13th, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing term: Prefect, R. Halpin; First-Ass't. Prefect, I. Wagner; Second Ass't. Prefect, B. Wellman; Sec., A. Koenig; Consultors: E. Lonsway, M. O'Conner, N. Keller, H. Dahlinghaus, J. Costello, C. Grube, A. Schaefer, M. Ehleringer, O. Hentges, P. Wiese.

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception applicants for admission to the Sodality will be solemnly admitted. It is sincerely hoped that every Student of St. Joseph's will appreciate the opportunity of becoming a special servant of Mary.

The following are the newly appointed promoters of the Sacred Heart League: J. Steinbrunner, B. Quell, M. Bodine, M. Shea, B. Well-J. Sullivan.

The S. J. C. Military Organization has not yet resumed its work, but our Major, R. Halpin, hopes to have the companies in regular order for drill as soon as possible. Remember the command "Fall in."

JOS. H. STEINBRUNNER, '05.

### Alumni Notes.

SINCE the number of St. Joseph's alumni is annually increasing, the "Collegian" intends to devote more space to them. We know that our alumni have a high regard for their Alma Mater and fondly remember the happy days spent at St. Joseph's, but they must not forget that their friends and former fellow-students are anxious to know something about them. Nearly all our graduates are a credit to the College; they are meeting with success in their chosen field, some in the priesthood, others as teachers and business men.

We wish to remind them that they can keep in touch with their friends at College and with their former class-mates through the medium of this journal. Send in a report from time to time, boys, to this column concerning your whereabouts and your progress.

Last June, a committee of the Alumni, consisting of the Revs. Julius Seimetz, Connelly, Eberle and B. Besinger C. PP. S. met at Peru, Ind. for the purpose of revising the constitution. Some changes were made, which will be published in the new revised edition now printing.

Rev. Linus Stahl, '95, C. PP. S., at present in Minster, O., is just recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever, which confined him to his bed for several weeks.

Rev. Didacus Brackmann, '98, C. PP., S. was appointed professor in the seminary at Carthage, O.



Rev. Faustin Ersing, '98, C. PP. S., is in charge of the parish at McCarthyville, O.

Rev. Theod. Brackmann, '98, C. PP. S., is assistant at St. Mary's Church, Celina, O.

Rev. Vincent Muench, '98, C. PP. S., formerly in charge of the Missions of Cole Camp, Mo., is now assistant at the Precious Blood Church, in Ft. Wayne, Ind. Father Vincent's delicate health did not permit him to "rough" it on the Missouri missions.

Rev. Julian Meyer, '98, C. PP. S., holds the position of chaplain of St. Mary's hospital, Cincinnati, O.

Rev. Theobald Reitz, '97, C. PP. S., succeeded Rev. Vincent Muench in the missions of Cole Camp, Mo.

Rev. A. Weymann, '98, C. PP. S., took charge of the English Literary course and Elocution classes at the College, succeeding Rev. Mark Hamburger, C. PP. S.

Rev. Simon Kuhnmuensch, '98, C. PP. S., exchanged mission work for the teaching of Greek at the College.

Rev. Christian Daniel, '06, C. PP. S., is assistant to Rev. Stanislas Neiberg, C. PP. S., at the Sacred Heart Church, Sedalia, Mo.

We note with regret that Edmund Ley, '00, is unable to pursue his studies this year at the seminary. Ed. is taking medical treatment at Rome City, Ind., where he intends to stay during the coming year. We earnestly hope the Kneipp method will prove beneficial to his health.

Will. Hordeman, '00, has our sincerest sym-

pathy in the loss of his mother, whose death occurred this summer. Will pays frequent visits to his Alma Mater, where he is always a welcome visitor.

The following well-known students of St. Joseph's entered the seminary at Rochester, N. Y.: Will Arnold, '02, Will. Flaherty, '03, Paul Welsh, '03.

It is reported that Thos. Travers, '98, was ordained deacon at the above Seminary.

Albert McGill, '03, entered the seminary in Baltimore, Md. His classmate, Jos. Braun, '03, continues his studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, O.

We note with pleasure that Rev. Jas. Fitzpatrick, '06, formerly connected with the Cathedral in Ft. Wayne, has been appointed pastor of Goshen, Ind., where, we are told, he is meeting with eminent success.

It was reported that Rev. Jos. Waechter, '96, assistant at St. Joseph's Church, Tiffin, O., met with a serious accident while attending a sick-call. His horse took fright and Father Waechter is said to have been seriously injured. We trust that it is not as bad as reported and that he has now recovered from his injuries.

Rev. F. Koch, '99, ass't to Rev. H. Plaster at Hammond, Ind., was obliged to relinquish his duties temporarily, owing to ill health.

Father John Cogan, commonly spoken of as "good old Johnnie", is still working hard at Springfield, Ohio, where he is the sole assistant at the large and important parish of St. Raphael.

Father Cogan managed to take a much needed rest this summer by getting Father Arnold to fill his place for two weeks.

The following normal students are meeting with success as teachers:

Anthony Knapke, '02, began his second year at Violet, O. He is assisted by his classmate, B. Huelsman, '02.

Fr. Maher, '02, has accepted another term of school at Burkettsville, O.

H. Froning, Cassella, O., second year. A. Bernard, '02, St. Rose, O.

Fred. Boecke, normal '02, decided to devote himself to journalism. He is at present connected with a daily paper of Cincinnati, O. We wish Fred the fullest success in this field.

Jos. Notheis, '03, our genial pianist, accepted a school at Berlin, O.

Edw. Schneider, '98, is a successful machinist in Springfield, O. Ed. is quite popular in the K. of C. and Y. M. I. circles.

Edw. and Albert Collin are assisting their father in the management of the Burnett House, Cincinnati, O.

Eugene Schweitzer, '98, is employed as clerk in the office of the Wurlitzer Music Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



## Personals.

**S**T. Joseph's welcomed the following visitors in the past month:

Very Rev. Boniface Russ, C. PP. S., Provincial, Carthagen, O. Rev. Bernard Dickman, C. PP. S., Fort Recovery, O. Rev. Urban Nagel-eisen, Leo House, N. Y. Rev. John Nageleisen, Congers, N. Y. Rev. George Horstman, Reynolds, Ind. Rev. Mathias Zumbulte, Hanover Center, Ind. Rev. Frank Jansen, Frankfort, Ind. Rev. John Berg, Remington, Ind. Rev. P. Meier, Pittsburg, Pa.

Rev. A. M. Ellering, Columbia City, Ind. brought with him Bernard Gallagher who remained to take up studies.

Mrs. Louisa Scheidler with Master Johnnie, Millhousen, Ind. were cordially welcomed by her sons Willibald and Albin Scheidler.

Mr. Edward U. Rainey, Senator Ninth District, Chicago, Ill., visited his brother Frank Rainey. Mr. George Diefenbach, Chicago, Ill. former student of St. Joseph's, brought two students to the College.

Mr. Anthony Frericks, Corning, O. was heartily welcomed by his son Celestine Frericks. After a stay of two days the former left for Kneipp's Sanitarium, Rome City, Ind. The following accompanied students to the College; John Hasser, Fowler, Ind. father of Edward Hasser. Mr. Michael Bath, Tipton, Ind. father of Julius Bath. Mr. August Sulzer, Chillicothe, O., father of Leo Sulzer. Mr. and Mrs. Willard, Gas City, Ind. grand-

parents of Leon Scohy. Mrs. Sarah Arrigo, Chicago, Ill., mother of Sebastian Arrigo. Mrs. Mary Miller, Indianapolis, Ind., mother of Hervert Miller. Miss Anna Caesar, Chicago, Ill., sister to Peter Caesar. George Rupert, Reynolds, Ind. was accompanied by his mother Sophia Rupert and his three brothers Michael, John and Joseph.

We here mention with regret the removal of two of our beloved professors, Revs. Eugene Grimm C. PP. S., and Mark Hamburger C. PP. S. During their several years' stay at the College they have endeared themselves to the students, who are profoundly grateful to them for their earnest labors in the class-room, and unite in expressing their heartfelt desires for their future success. Father Eugene assumed charge of St. Augustine's parish, Minster, O., Father Mark of Holy Trinity, Coldwater, O.

### Athletics.

**A**LTHOUGH but three of last year's baseball team have returned, the outlook is far from unfavorable. With the materials developed on last year's second team the hole can be filled. Coupled with the able assistance of Didier, Wachendorfer and Koenig of St. Xavier's team, the team will prove a winner.

Robert Halpin, who so creditably covered first base last year, was selected by the remnant of the team as captain for the ensuing year. M. F. O'Conner, who served as assistant last year, was selected Manager. The team has been working hard to get into good form for the few games that are to be played this fall.

On Sunday, Sept. 7., St. Aquino's picked team met St. Xaviers in a warmly contested game. Lonsway made his initial appearance into fast company by fanning six Xaviers. Didier on his part retaliated by striking out ten of his opponents. Easily the best feature of the game was a triple play made in the seventh by St. Aquinos. The Score was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
St. Xaviers—	0	2	0	2	3	0	0	3	0	10	11	—5.
St. Aquinos—	0	0	2	0	2	0	1	0	0	5	7	—5.

Batteries, Didier and Koenig. Lonsway and Grube.

On Sept. 20. the reorganized St. Joseph's team met and defeated Rensselaer in an interesting game. The superiority of St. Joseph's was apparent at all times, and had it not been for a costly misplay the game would have resulted in a shut-out.

Rensselaer opened up by three straight outs. For St. Jos', Wachendorfer struck out, and Halpin hit savely. Then Shea hit a clean one over left field for two bases, scoring Halpin. Allgeier flew out to Swarzill. Sullivan hit for two bases scoring Shea, but died on second, when Kocks struck out. In the 2d inning Quinlan reached first on a cratch hit, moving up when Koenig sent one through Keppner. Didier walked. Wachendorfer was an easy out. Halpin then scored Quinlan and Koenig by a clean hit to centre. This ended the run-getting for St. Jos' untill the eighth, when Sullivan reached first on an error, stole second, and scored on a wild throw.



Rensselaer's score came in the eighth. With one man out, Keppner hit to Quinlan, who threw wild, allowing him to reach second. Kressler struck out. Morgan advanced. Keppner by a short one to Kocks, and Woodworth hit to Quinlan who allowed Keppner to score. The score is as follows:

## RENSSELAER.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H	A	E
Parcells, 3b.....	0		0	0	x		0	0		1	2	1
Merica, c.....	x		0	0	0		0		0	0	0	
Swartsell, p....	0		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	
Hopkins, lf....	x			0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Keppner, ss....	0			x		0		1		0	2	
Kressler, 2b....		0			0	x		0		0	1	
Morgan, 1b....		0			0	x		x		0	1	2
Woodworth, cf..		x			0	0		x		0	0	
Bartler, rf.....		0			0	0		x		0	0	
Total.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	9	3

## ST. JOSEPHS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H	A	E
Wachendorfer,lf	0	0		0			0			0	0	0
Halpin, 2b.....	1	x			0		0			1	1	0
Shea, 1b.....	1	0			0			0		1	1	1
Allgeier, rf.....	0		0		0			0		0	0	0
Sullivan, cf.....	x		x			0		1		1	0	0
Kocks, ss.....	0		0			0		0		0	3	0
Quinlan, 3b.....		1	0			0				1	2	2
Koenig, c.....		0		0			0			2	2	0
Didier, p.....		0		0			x			1	3	0
Total.....	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	1		7	12	3

Two Base Hits. Shea, Sullivan. Struck out, by Swartsell, 6. by Didier 12. Bases off Balls. Swartsell 1. Time of game. 1 35. Umpire, Wood.

Owing to the hot weather football has not been much talked of as yet. It has thus far held the but a secondary place in the Athletic list of St.

Joseph's. Two teams have been formed, composed of likely candidates, who will work hard for the interest of the game. O'Connor from last year's team has returned to put new life and vigor into the game. He played half last year, and will undoubtedly prove himself a worthy Captain. Besides him, Bryan, who starred at quarter last year, has been selected to pick the other team. Between the two, St. Josephs may expect some interesting games this fall.

Tennis has its adherents and the courts are not neglected. The club for this year has not yet organized, but undoubtedly will be composed of about the same members as last year. Tennis has thus far seemed such an exclusive sport that one feels shy to venture into the game. Let us hope that in future the game will be more general, for if necessary, more courts can be marked out, it has become quite as evident that not only the old but also the young boys like to indulge in a real game of tennis.

The bowling alley, too, has been thoroughly renovated and presents an inviting appearance. But we are held in suspense until the arrival of the new balls and pins which have been ordered.

The gymnasium, however, seems to have been neglected. It is true, we cherish fond hopes of a new one in the near future, but in the mean time, space ought to be allowed for indoor exercise, as the winter months are drawing near and the lethargy of those cold days must be worn off by a few moments, exercise in the "gym."

L. L. MONAHAN, '06.

### Locals.

"Mattue take the bus."

Caesar and Gloomy: "We are independence."

P. Peiffer says: "I guess I believe I am the most bestest fellow here."

Pryor to Doc: "Wasn't Emperor Augustus a wise man?" Doc: "He didn't show it when he stopped Virgil from burning his Aeneid."

Pres. of the C. L. S.: "Next is nomination for editor." Tim: "I second that motion."

Several of the last years students are absent; Gloomy Gus is here, but absent-minded.

Poor Bob—"My mamma would spank me, if she knew I was Pres. of the R. S. C."

The Juniors wish their old classmates, Ed. J. Cook and Howard J. Muhler, much pleasure and success in their work.

Bodine says, he never "dreamt poetry," but he dreamt a dream in poetry.

Vacation Verses by Monahan:

My Mamma made a mess for me,  
Composed of grave old biscuit;  
But now I'm sorry that I asked,  
For I'm afraid to risk it.

A threshing machine passed by, calling the attention of Andy Sutter who said: "Listen to the pea-nuts roaster."

"Oysters" were discovered by the "Normans" below the "doc," and were handed in the "bus" to the chambers of "Teddy". They were first "fried" then served by "Sissy" though in "rare" cases. They serve as an all-day "sucker" on



"gloomy" days, yet, they are not good for a "babe" as they make one "sleepy"; so "Flossie" gave them to his "doggies".

First Latin: "What does Vidi mean?" Old Student: "That signifies that the professor saw it." First Latin: "I can tell that without Vidi".

Steiny sobbingly: "What a dead year this would be if Ben Quell would not have returned."

Bob undergoing his promotions: "Keep still, fellows, you transmogrify me."

Maurice O'Connor, being too timid to smoke a man's cigar, smokes a "Child's".

P. B.: "Is Ignatius in your class?" Mike: "No, he is in a class upstairs, above higher."

Ben Quell busy at his desk producing a growling sound from his somniferous organs exclaimed: "I know neither my Latin nor Greek, but it's all the same, I'll certainly sleep."

Cappie to Tim: "What part of speech is *longe*?" Tim: "It is an adverb of length."

Professor to student who has just entered college: "Do you think you will be able to understand what is contained in this book?" Student: "Oh, there is nothing in there that will give *me* any trouble." It did not, for after a few days it became apparent that he could not keep up with his class.

One morning wild animal trainer Ben entered the zoo, and found his "long ears" greatly reduced in number. Camillus, who was standing near by, told him that "Bismark" and "Dewey" had been in the cage. Ben immediately replied: "I'll kill Valdi for that."

Alfonse: "My dear Gaston, wont you soon crawl out of bed?" Gaston: "Oh, my dear Alfonse, you are kindly requested to rise first." Alfonse: "I most earnestly entreat you, dear Gaston, to take the lead."

Alexander took the lead, and Flavian followed.

The students were out in the grove one morning for their usual walk. A loud, cracking noise frightened them. Local astronomer "Zip" at once adjusted his telescope, and a sigh of relief was heard, when he exclaimed: "I have it. Knapke is on the turning pole."

A member of the A. L. S. suggested that the roll call be dispensed with, since it would make the absent members blush.

In the opinion of some, football players are the most charitable people in the world, since they provide a living for doctor at the expense of their own.

Fischer to Moorman: "Are you going to town Saturday?" Moorman: "Yes, after the first inning of the foot ball game."

Camillus went to the bowling alley with the intention of breaking the record. When the game was over, he had the booby prize.

"Those in favor of the dish-rag seem to have it. They have it. And it is so declared."

Ed. Bernard excavated an odd looking stone near the garden. Several students compared it with specimens from the mineral collection, but failed to establish its identity. Raymond claimed that at any rate it must be a petrified water-melon, there being a patch near by.

## Honorary Mention.

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The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

### 95-100 PER CENT.

A. Koenig, I. Wagner, B. Alt, C. Grube, E. Lonsway, J. Steinbrunner, B. Quell, R. Halpin, M. Bodine, A. Schaefer, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, W. Scheidler, R. Schwierterman, M. O'Connor, E. Pryor, M. Shea, J. Sullivan, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, N. Allgeier, C. Boeke, C. Fischer, D. Fitzgerald, E. Freiburger, F. Gribba, N. Keller, J. McCarthy, E. Vurpillat, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, F. Kocks, A. Linnemann, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, J. Costello, J. Miller, J. Seimetz, M. Schumacher, E. Olberding, A. Scherrieb, P. Wiese, P. Bodemiller, B. Condon, H. Fuertges, J. Grimmer, E. Haab, E. Hasser, L. Hildebrand, L. Keib, A. Michaely, E. Ernest, N. Weinkauff, E. Jacobs, W. Coffeen, J. Bultinck, E. Spornhauer, A. Feehan, T. Coyne, U. Reitz, J. Ramp, B. Hoerstman, H. Dahlinghaus, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, F. Moorman, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, B. Schmitz, A. Sutter, J. Von der Haar, A. Birkmeier, H. Fries, P. Gase, G. Smith, J. Donahue, E. Mauntel, G. Ohleyer.

### 90-95 PER CENT.

F. Didier, L. Monahan, T. Quinlan, J. Bryan, J. O'Donnell, E. Howe, M. Lang, G. Meier, P. Peiffer, J. Boland, L. Nageleisen, E. Neumeier, F. Rainey, L. Bergman, P. Miller, J. Saccone, M. Bryan, D. Senefeld, J. Weber, P. Caesar, B. Gallagher, A. Saccone.

### CLASS WORK.

### 90-100 PER CENT.

J. Steinbrunner, R. Halpin, F. Wachendorfer, R. Schwierterman, L. Monahan, E. Pryor, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer,



R. Rath, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Boeke, E. Vurpillat, I. Collins, H. Grube, I. Weis, F. Kocks, A. Linnemann, R. Beck, J. Miller, P. Peiffer, J. Seimetz, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, P. Bodemiller, B. Condon, J. Boland, J. Grimmer, E. Hassler, L. Keib, L. Nageleisen, E. Neumeier, A. Feehan, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, F. Moorman, G. Smith, J. Donahue.

84-90 PER CENT.

A. Koenig, I. Wagner, B. Alt, C. Grube, Didier, M. Bodine, A. Schaefer, A. Scheidler, W. Scheidler, M. O'Connor, V. Meagher, M. Helmig, N. Allgeier, J. Bryan, C. Fischer, D. Fitzgerald, E. Freiburger, F. Gribba, J. McCarthy, O. Hentges, F. May, C. Kloeters, J. Costello, E. Howe, M. Schumacher, A. Scherrieb, E. Haab, A. Michaely, E. Ernst, W. Coffeen, T. Coyne, U. Reitz, J. Ramp, H. Dahlinghaus, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, A. Sutter, J. Von der Haar, A. Birkmeier, H. Fries, P. Gase, P. Miller, G. Ohleyer, L. Sulzer.



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